

the big apple. When Marjorie got home she told her mother about it and told how sorry she felt for poor Molly. "Why, mamma, her share would only be a little, teenty piece," she said. "I'm glad I don't have to divide with a sister and two brothers."

Very soon after that Marjorie's mamma took her to call on the new family, and while the ladies talked, the children played in the play room. All four did not have as many playthings as Marjorie had at home for herself, but for all that, they had a good time, and all five were sorry when Marjorie and her mamma went home.

"Poor Molly," said Marjorie's mamma as they walked home. "She must let her little sister play with her playthings, and help amuse her little brothers instead of having all the good times to herself. Don't you feel sorry for her?"

"Why, mamma, she feels sorry for me. She said she did, and I think she's right."

"Feels sorry for you, dear! How do you make that out? You have everything to yourself and lots more pretty playthings than Molly."

"Yes, but she has more fun than I have, mamma. We had such lovely times playing games this afternoon, and lots of fun with the children."

"I am glad my little girl has found out that it makes things larger instead of smaller to share them," said her mamma. "Many a time, dearie, I have been sorry to see how selfish you are getting. If you liked to ask other little girls in to play with your things and share your candy, you would be much happier."

"That is what Molly says," said Marjorie. "She said her share of things was more than the whole thing when she divided with her mamma and the little ones. I'm going to try it, too."—Herald and Presbyter.

HOW WILLIE EXPRESSED IT.

"Willie, said his mother, "baby is sick. Run over to grandma's and ask if she has a bit of catnip." And as Willie put on his cap and hurried away, she called to him: "And, Willie, see if she has any horehound." A few moments later Master Willie rushed excitedly into the presence of his grandmother and cried: "Grandma, mother wants some horenip and cathound—baby's sick!"



Our Wee Little Ones



A GOOD RECORD.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy nine years old. I went to Sunday school last year without missing a Sunday. Miss Ella Spindle is my teacher. I like to go to Sunday school and get on the honor roll. Hope to see my letter in print.

Fries Cassell.

Christiansburg, Va.

A FINE GOAT.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little boy eight years old and I have a fine goat eight years old too. I have three little brothers, Thomas, Harris Ivy and Lewis. I go to Sunday school. I am in the second grade at school. Please don't throw this letter away.

Your friend,

Raymond Bunn Strong.

West Point, Miss.

SORRY SCHOOL CLOSSES.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl ten years old. I live in the country with my four sisters and three brothers. Papa died January 16, 1909, and mamma, April 18, 1907. My little baby brother was five months and nine days old when mamma died. We raised him with a bottle, his name is Oscar Brown. I am going to school now to Miss Ola McIntosh and I like her fine. Our school closes next Friday. I will be so sorry. I study geography, grammar, arithmetic, spelling and history. My desk mate is Annie Jane McNeill and I like her. I must close. I hope to see my letter in print.

Your unknown friend,

Annie E. Harrington.

Harrington, N. C.

FOR MOTHER.

I give my mother lots of kisses,
There's really never one she misses;
A "wake-up kiss" right in the morning,
A "good-night kiss" when I am yawning,
A "sorry kiss" when I've been bad,
A "happy kiss" when I am glad.

Once she was sick; I went to stay
At Aunt's house, oh, miles away!
Then I sent kisses in a letter,
She said they truly made her better.
There's never really one she misses,
Oh, I give mother lots of kisses!

SOWING SEEDS.

Mabel dropped a few flower seeds into the ground, and little leaves soon began to peep up and grow; they liked the air and sunshine so well that they were very big in a month or two. Then came buds and beautiful flowers; and the flowers blossomed all the summer long, and the old ladies over the way had a bunch to brighten their room every day.

Mabel's mother kept dropping kind word seed into everybody's heart. Mabel watched these seed grow. They blossomed into comfort and love and bright faces and smiles and thanks.

"I'll plant kind word seeds, too; see if I don't," said Mabel, "I think the flowers are perfectly lovely!"—The Young Evangelist.

JOINED THE CHURCH.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to Sunday school and Mrs. Thompson is my teacher. I joined the church about two weeks ago. I go to school. I have one sister and two brothers. Hope to see my letter in print.

Your little unknown friend,

Frances Rolston.

Snyder, Va.

DREADS THE WASTE BASKET.

Dear Presbyterian: As my sister is writing to you, I thought I would like to write too. I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school at Mt. Pisgah. My teacher is Miss Ola McIntosh and I like her. I study reading and spelling. My desk mate is cousin Inez Sloan. Hope my letter won't reach the waste basket.

Your little friend,

Helen Harrington.

Harrington, N. C.

"SPOT."

Dear Presbyterian: I thought you would like to have a letter from a boy, nine years old, who likes to read the letters in the Presbyterian. Would you like to know something about my pet? How would you like to see him? He is all white except a little black and brown spot on his ear and that is the reason we call him Spot. He is a fox-terrier. When anyone rings the bell too long, he makes a big fuss. This is the first letter I have ever written to a paper, but I hope you can read it.

Your friend,

Erroll Joseph Paley.